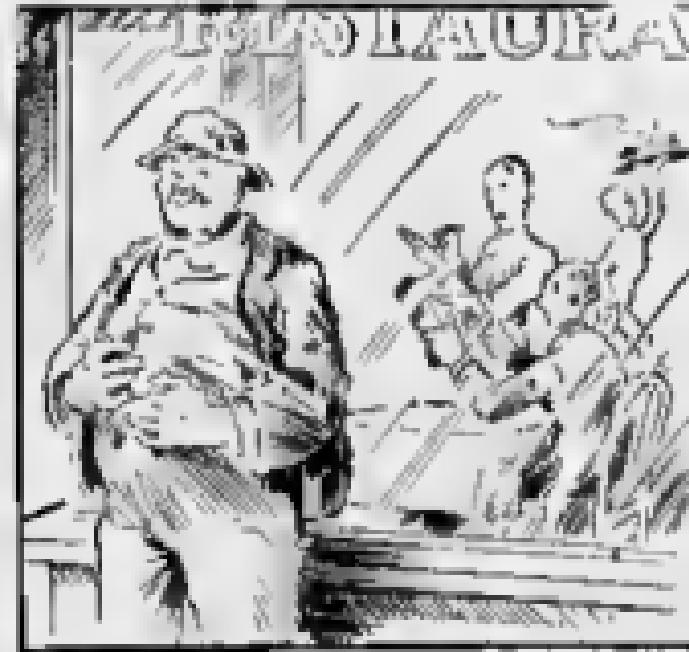




When wild geese honk high of nights and when Soapy moves uneasily on his park bench you may know that winter is near at hand. A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack always gives fair warning of his annual call.



The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises or of exotrophic Southern skins. Three months on the Island seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.



There were many ways of reaching the island. Soapy left his bench and strolled up Broadway. He halted at a glittering cafe. If he could reach a table unobserved, success would be his. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy—



And then Camembert and a demi-tasse. But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant the head-waiter's eye fell upon his decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk.

(10 of 20)

U. Henry's Short Stories

The Cop and the Anthem—II

Drawn by John Hix



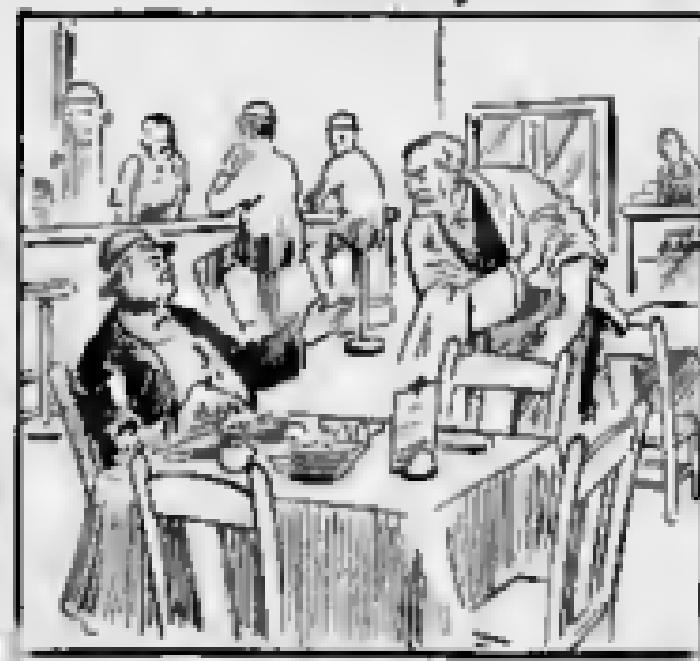
Soapy turned off Broadway; he wanted three months of food and shelter and knew one way to get it. At Sixth Avenue there was a conspicuous window. Soapy took a double-stone and dashed it through the glass. People came running—



Led by a policeman, Soapy stood still. He smiled at the sight of the brass buttons. The cop hardly looked at Soapy. Men who smash windows take to their heels. Down the street a man ran to catch a car. The cop took after him.



Soapy, with disgust in his heart, leafed along. Across the street was a restaurant of no great pretension. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Into this place Soapy took hisaceous shoes and sat at a table.



He consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter, he said: "Get busy and call a cop—and don't keep a gentleman waiting." "No cop for you," said the waiter with a voice like butter rakes.

(10-15-1938)



Neatly upon his left ear two waiters had pitched Soapy. He'd eaten a meal and had no money, but Soapy was bound for the city grown for the winter, and he'd hoped the waiters would call a cop. But arrest seemed a rosy dream. The nice, warm cell seemed far away.



Three times Soapy had tried and failed. Now he was desperate. He came upon a policeman in front of a theater. Soapy fell to the sidewalk and yelled drunken gibberish. "One o' them Yale lads," said the cop, and turned his back.



At length Soapy stood in front of an old church. Sweet music drifted out to Soapy's ears. It was an anthem his mother had taught him. Soapy made swift resolve. He would make a man of himself—he would find work!



Soapy felt a hand laid on his shoulder. He turned quickly into the broad face of a policeman. "What are you doing here," asked the cop. "Nathan," said Soapy. "Tell it to the judge," said the cop. "he'll send you to the Island—in do nothing."

© 1957 O. HENRY STORY. "SMILE, BABY, AND MURKIE."

O. HENRY'S SHORT STORIES

Jimmy Hayes and Muriel—I

Drawn by JOHN HIX



Supper was just over on the Texas Rangers' camp when the men heard the scraping of stirrups against chaparral. Then they heard a清楚的 voice: "Break up, Muriel, old girl—hey, now, and trying to kiss me. This pony hasn't any teeth, I tell you."



The rangers listened curiously, and then a loud "piano" pony single-handed into camp. A grinning youth shouted: "Hi, fellers, here's a letter for the lieutenant." Of "Muriel"; whom he had been talking to, nothing was seen.



He dismounted, unscabbled. The Ranger lieutenant read his letter and introduced him to the boys as Jimmy Hayes, a recruit from El Paso. The men received him cordially but suspiciously. On the border your sidekick's curves may mean your life or death.

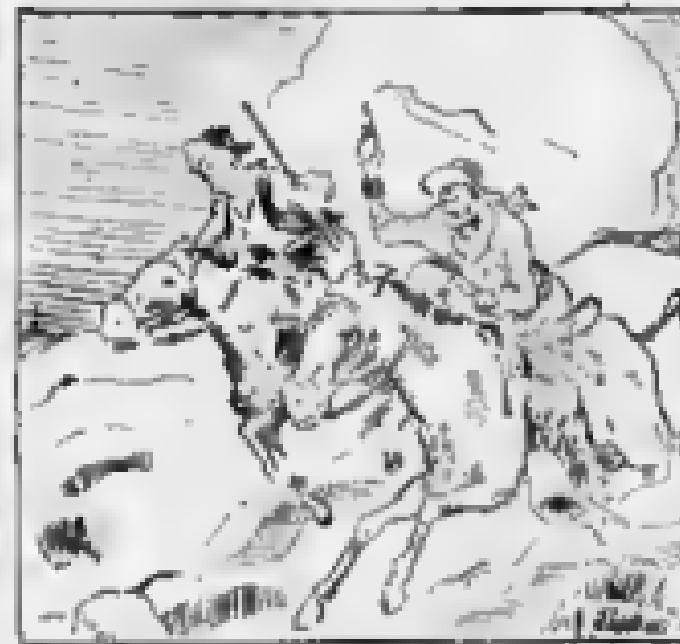


With a quirked smile Jimmy introduced "Muriel." Out of his shirt crawled a burrowed frog, a bright red ribbon around its neck. One of the rangers grunted and said: "Does it know it?" Jimmy handed the frog over and it hopped right back to him.

454 64 CONTINUED



Jimmy Hayes and his frog, "Muriel", became favorite in the ranger camp. He had an endless store of good tales and was never without his frog. But not once did Jimmy attain full brotherhood with his comrades. He had not been tested.



To make entry in camp is not all of a ranger's life. There are horse-thieves to run down, bandits to run out—at the muzzle of a revolver. For two months the border was quiet and then Sebastiano Salazar and his gang crossed the Rio Grande.



One evening about sundown, the rangers halted for supper after a long ride. Their horses stood panting. Suddenly out of the brush Salazar and his gang burst upon them, blaring away with six shotguns and high-pitched yell.



The rangers swore and put their Winchesters busy but the raiders galloped away yelling. The rangers mounted and pursued but their ponies were fatigued and they returned to camp. Then it was discovered that Jimmy Hayes was missing. (TO BE CONTINUED)



The Meerts bandit gang had got away, but Jimmy Hayes was missing, along with Muriel, his love. Jimmy had never been in a skirmish before, and the rangers suspected that Jimmy had turned coward at the whiz of bullets. Never before had a ranger...



saw the white feather. The company was gloomy. Months passed by and still that cloud of censure hung above the camp. A year later the troop was in the same country looking for smugglers. One day they came across the skeletons of three Meerts.



Their clothing identified them. The largest had once been Sebastian Solder, the bandit. Their rusting Winchesters all pointed in the same direction. The rangers rode on that direction 50 yards and found another skeleton. "Same compasser," they said.



And then, from beneath the rag of the dead man there wriggled a horned-toad, a faded red ribbon around his neck. Miserly it told the story of how Jimmy had pursued the bandits, how he had gone down in triumph, upholding the honor of the rangers.

1974 REPRINT STORIES: THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

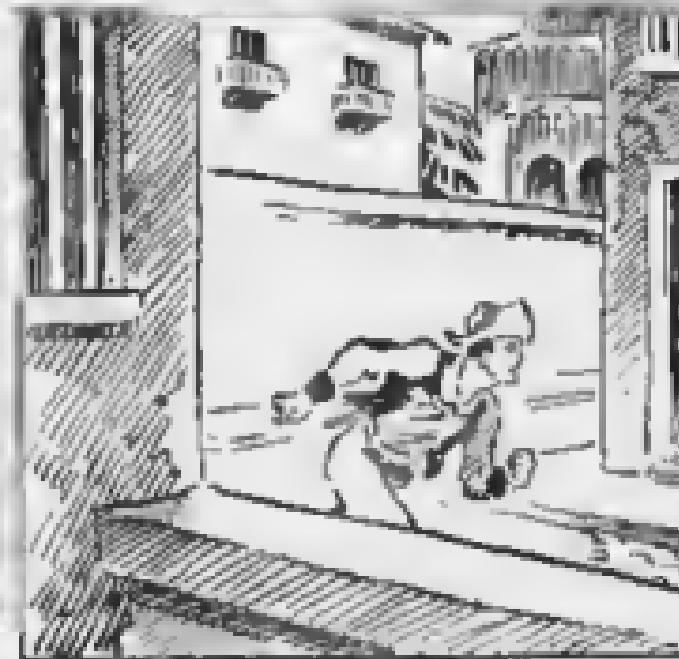
O. Henry's Short Stories

A Double Dyed Deceiver—I

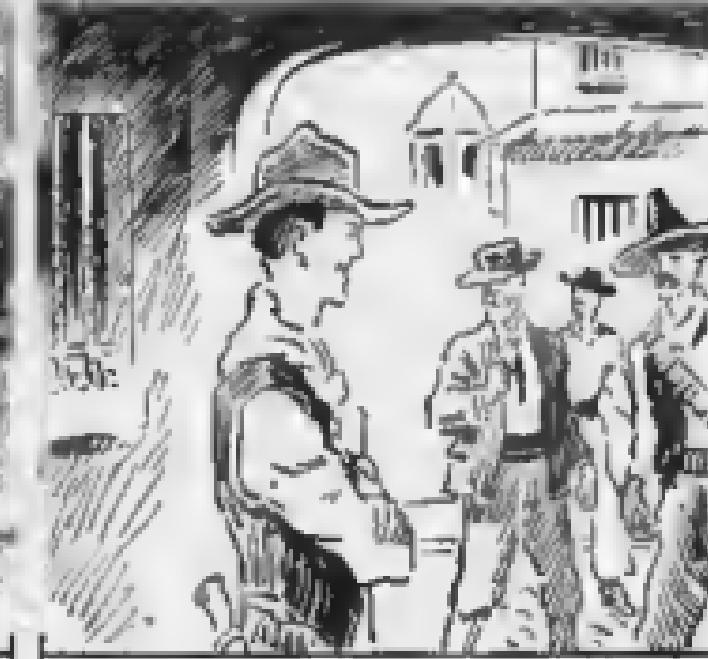
Drawn by John Hix



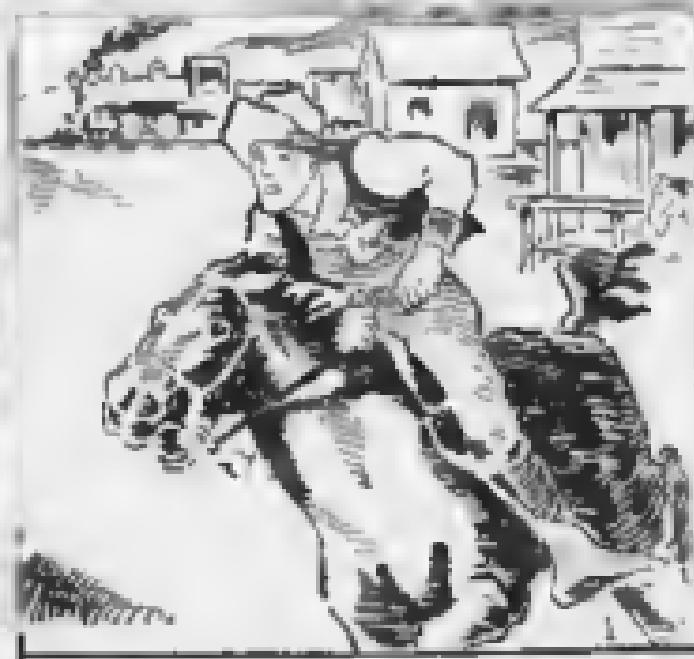
The trouble began in Laredo. It was The Kid's fault, for he should have confined his habit of manslaughter to Mexicans. But there was a poker game, a pair of queens and a quarrel. When the smoke had cleared away it was found The Kid...



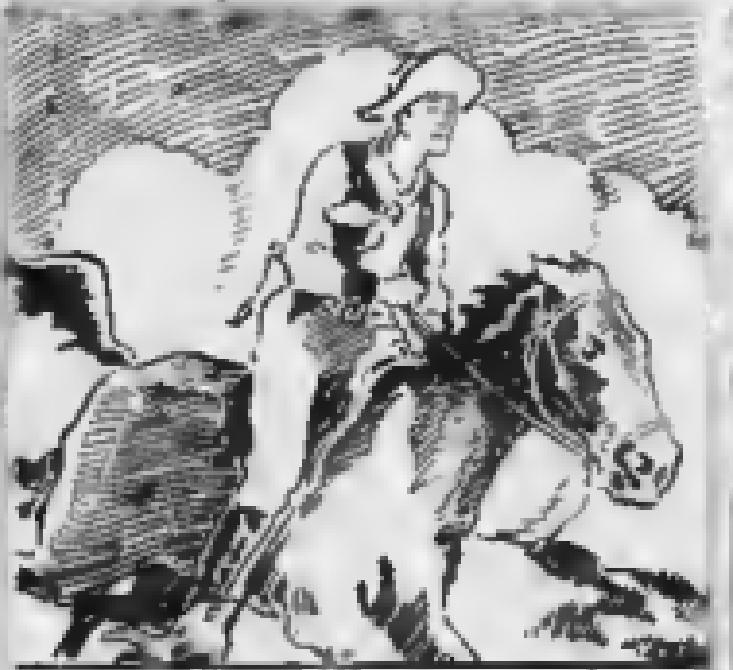
Had committed an indiscretion and his adversary had been guilty of a blunder. The Kid, on account of a rather unbragorous reputation, even for the border, considered it not incompatible with his indisputable gameness to "pull his freight." For the man—



He killed was a high-blooded youth from the cow ranches and quickly the avengers gathered around. Three of them overtook The Kid at the station but The Kid turned on them and showed his teeth in a worthless smile. They fell back.



The Kid openly boarded a north-bound train but a few miles out he abandoned it, at Webb, for there in front of a store stood the saddled horses of the customers. He mounted a morn and rode toward the north and east.
(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Kid was on the run. He had plugged a cowboy in a friendly game of poker, and made his getaway on a stolen mule. On the Rio Grande if you take a man's life sometimes you take flesh, but if you take his horse--well, there is no turning back.



After three days of riding he stood on the shore at Corpus Christi, and looked across a gentle sea. Captain Flyaway, of the schooner Flyaway, stood near his stuff, ready to shove off. "Where are you going?" asked The Kid.

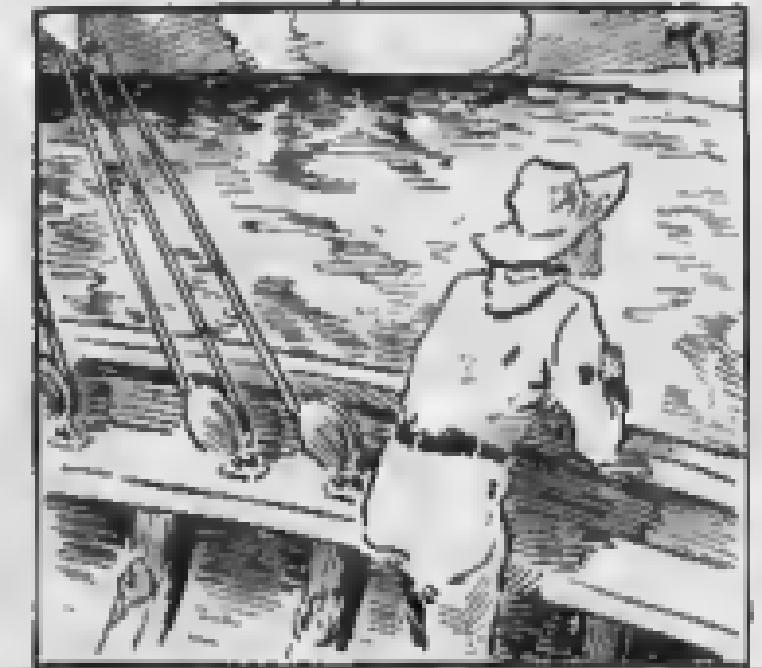


"Buenas Tierras, South America," said the captain, "with a load of lumber, corrugated iron and machetes. It's a warious country, where you never work, and there's no Sunday, no sun, and no rent. It's a great country for sleep."



It sounded good to The Kid and for \$24 the captain agreed to take him. "All right, mister," said the captain, "I hope your ma won't blame me for this little childish escape of yours. He bechapered to one of his crew and they set off.

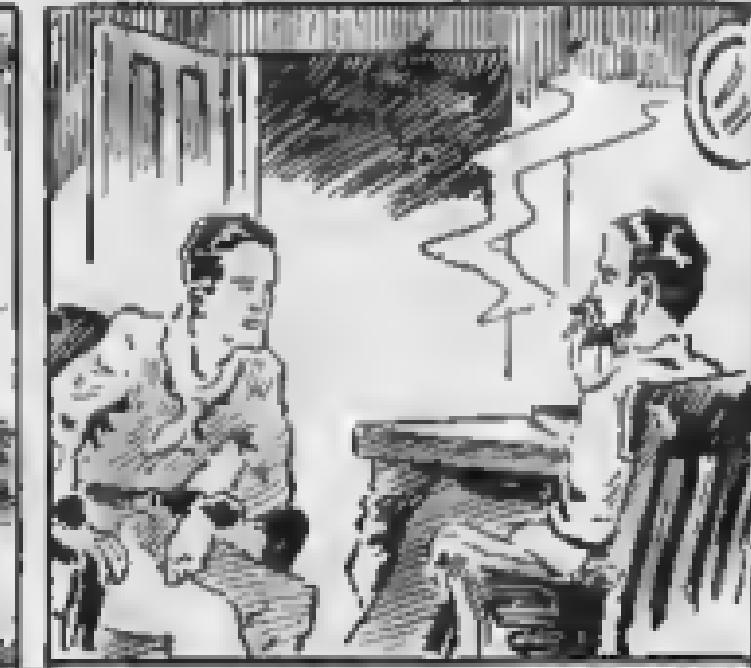
(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Kid, by stolen horse and by schooner, had fled Laredo, Texas, for Buenos Tierra, South America, urged on by the knowledge that a posse wanted him for the killing of a cow-puncher in a friendly game of poker.



In Buenos Tierra, The Kid called upon Thacker, U.S. Consul, for formality sake. It was early in the day and Thacker was sober. "Need an interpreter?" asked Thacker, "and here you come to invest in fruit lands—"



"I speak Spanish better than English," said The Kid, "and I'm here because I plugged a white man in Texas." "That's straight enough," said Thacker, "have you got any horses?" The Kid smiled and said, "If a gun work you want depend on me."



"No, no," said Thacker, "but I've a little plan. Twelve years ago Old Santos Urquiza's kid, only eight but wild, ran away to the states. The madam and he are still in mourning, but they think the boy will come back" (TO BE CONTINUED)



The Kid, about 21, finds himself in Buenos Ayres after a flight from care. He'd killed a newspaperman. Now the U.S. Consul is rigging him up to play the role of Don Francisco Urique, long lost son of wealthy South Americans.



Thacker, the consol, first tattooed a flying eagle on The Kid's left hand, to match one on the hand of the long, lost boy. If Papa and Mama Urique accepted him as their son there'd be plenty of boddle for The Kid and Thacker to split.



"Old Urique keeps anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000 in his house all the time," Thacker was saying, "and my skill as a tattooer is worth half the boddle. We go halves and catch a tramp steamer for Rio de Janeiro. Eh?"



"I'm out for the dust," said The Kid, and Thacker dispatched a note to El Señor Don Santos Urique, informing him he thought he had found his long, lost son, and suggesting he call at the office to look the lad over.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Kid, fugitive from Texas, finds himself in *Buenas Tierras*, masquerading as Don Francisco, long lost son of the wealthy Unique family. Thacker, U.S. Consul, had framed the masquerade and the two agreed to split the bootleg to come.



Senor and Senora Unique, heavy with sadness, were easily fooled. The tattoo on the Kid's left hand, put there by Thacker, convinced them and The Kid fitted himself in the Senora's arms. "Hijo mio," she cried.



A month later The Kid came to the consulate in response to a message from Thacker. "What's doing?" asked Thacker. "haven't you been able to get your hands on the money?" The Kid looked him in the eye and said. "The scheme's off."



"You're going to throw me down, then, are you," said the consul. "I'll expose you today, you—you double-dyed traitor." The Kid arose and, without violence, took Thacker by the throat with a hand of steel. (TO BE CONTINUED)



The Kid shoved Thacker into a corner and poked a 45 against the consul's mouth. "I told you why I came here," he said, "and if I leave, you'll be the reason." Thacker was scared but he listened to The Kid's story.



"The first night, before I was asleep, this artificial mother of mine ticks on the covers, and a tear drops down on my cheek. All that sticks by me, Mr. Thacker. And it's been that way ever since. I'm a low-down wolf, and the devil—



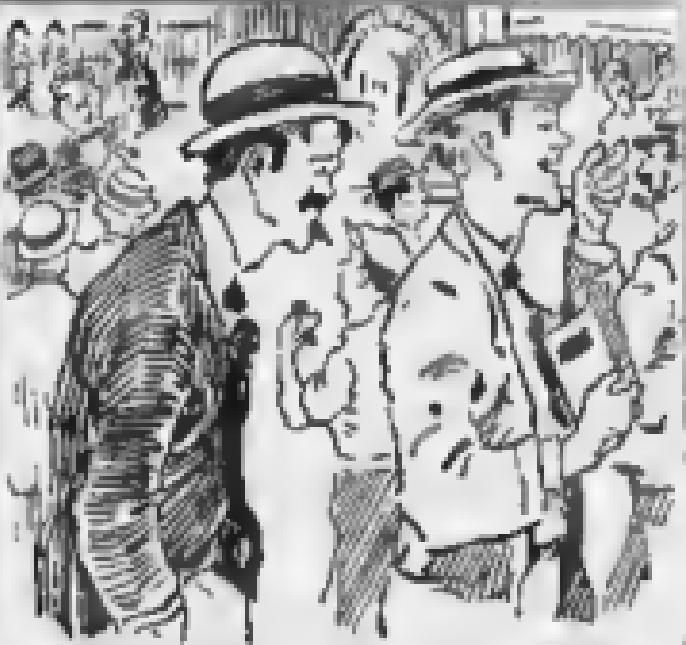
"May have met me on the trail instead of God, but I'll travel it to the end. And there's one more reason why things have got to stand. The fellow I killed in Laredo had one of them same pictures on his left hand."



The Kid smiled. "And who am I from now on?" He tightened his grip on Thacker's throat. "Dad Francisco Usque," muttered Thacker. From outside came a sound of wheels and hoofa and then a woman's voice, "Are you there, dear me?"

Next Story. Tobin's Palm.

O. Henry's Short Stories



Tobin and me, the two of us, went down to Coney Island one day, for there was four dollars between us, and Tobin had need of distractions. For there was Katie Mahoney, his sweetheart, of County Sligo, but since she started for America three months before.



She had \$300 from selling a fine cottage and a pig on Bog Slaneagh, and since the letter Tobin got saying she had started not a bit of news had he heard. Tobin had advertised in the papers but nothing could be found of the galley.

Tobin's Palm-1



So to Coney, me and Tobin went. But Tobin was a hard-headed man and sadness stuck to his skin. He ground his teeth at the balloons, and though he would shrug whenever asked, he scowled Punch and Judy, and was far from being the lintype men.



Tobin was a believer in black cats and lucky numbers so he stops before a sign that reads "Madame Zora, Palmist" and says, "Tis here I'll be diverted." And to a fat woman, in a red jumper Tobin gives ten cents and has palm.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Drawn by John Hix

O. Henry's Short Stories

Tobin's Palm-II

Drawn by John Mix



"Man," says Madame Zane to Tobin, "you've had bad luck and more's to come. Your life shows trouble in account of your sweetheart." "Katie Mahoney," whispers Tobin to me in a low voice. "I see the letters K and M in your hand," says Zane.



"Do ye hear that?" says Tobin to me. Zane goes on: "Look out for a dark man and a light lady for they'll bring ye trouble. But there's a man whill bring ye good luck, and ye can tell him by his crooked nose. But first ye'll make a voyage, and lose some money."



"The wonderful," says Tobin, as we walked back to the pier, for the boat to New York. As we stepped through the gate a nigger man stuck his lighted cigar against Tobin's ear and the fight is on. I drag him away and he says, "The dark man of the prophecy."



On the boat Tobin wants to buy a beer and finds his change box disturbed in the crush. "The financial loss is the prophecy," says Tobin, "and a dollar sixty-five it was." And then he scrambles against a woman with hair the color of an unpeeled asparagus. (10 W. 22nd)

O. Henry's Short Stories



Tobin, being polite to ladies when in drink, tries to give his hat a twist while apologizing and the wood carries it overboard. He comes to me and says, "The light woman of Madame Zeno's propitiatory—now I'm looking for the crooked one."



Tobin walked around the deck, looking close at the passengers out of his little red eyes. "Jawn," says he, "did you ever see a straighter-necked gang of hellions in the days of your life?" When we landed we walked up-town through 22nd street.

Tobin's Palm—III



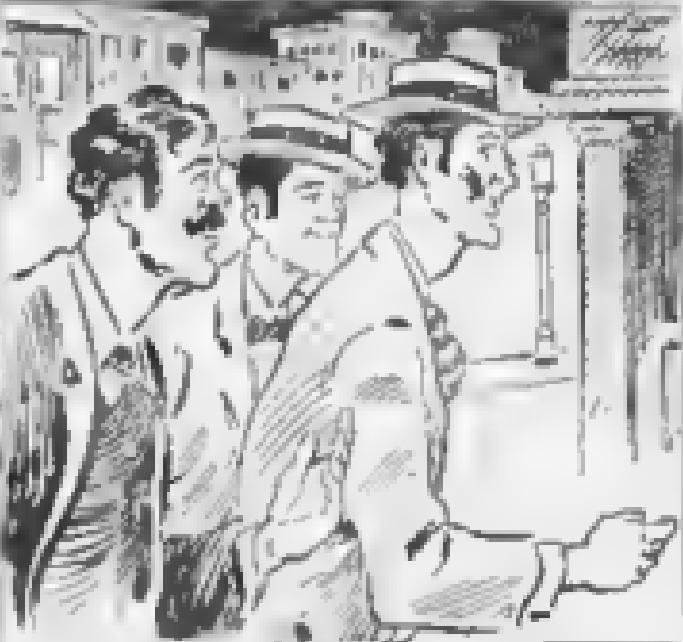
On a corner was a man, looking at the women, dressed decent, with a steamer between his teeth, and with a nose that made two twists. Tobin saw him too and I heard him breathe hard like a horse when you take the saddle off.



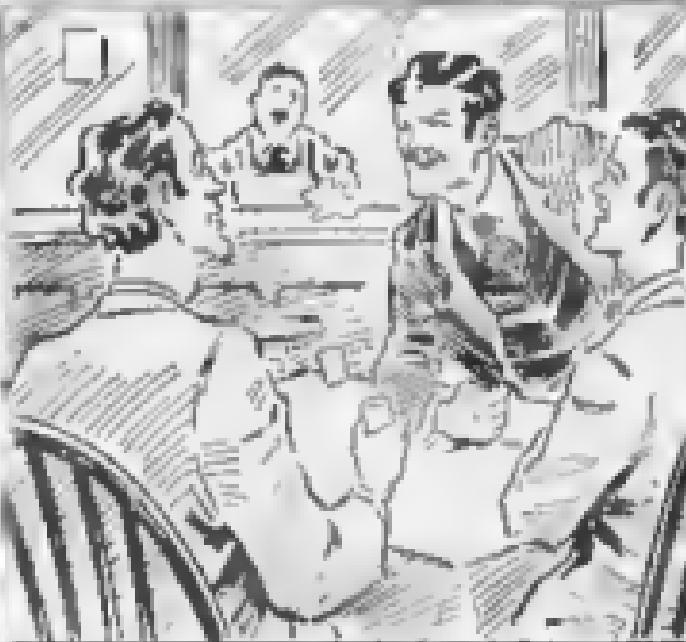
"Good-night to ye," Tobin says. The man passes the compliments, etc., etc. "By the signs of an Egyptian palmist you've been nominated to offset me bad luck." "There's two of ya," says the man with the nose, looking for a policeman, "Good night." (F. M. (1911-12))

Drawn by John Hix

O. Henry's Short Stories



The man with the crooked nose moves across the street but Tobin and me stick close to him. "What," says he, "ye follow me?" So Tobin explains again about the palmette who said a crooked-nosed man would bring her back, and back to her meant finding her lost sweetheart from Ireland.



After that the man turns suddenly to laughing and then he takes us by an arm apiece and walks us to a cafe for drinks. "Ye must know," says he, "that me walk in life is literary—." Tobin pounds the table with his fist and says, "ye talk is an eyesore to me patience—there was goodluck promised me in the crook of ye nose."

Tobin's Palm—IV



"Would ye be led astray by physiognomy," says the nose man, and led us down the street slumber, therefore I will venture a hit in the way of hospitality. "Ye will be welcome to eat for I am indebted to ye for diversion." The appetite of me and Tobin was congenial to the idea.



"I offer ye a pot of coffee," says the man with the crooked nose, "for the fine coffee our new cook, Katie Mahoney, makes for a green girl just landed three months." And Tobin knew a few drinks was not all the good fortune promised by Madame Zem that would come from the man with the crooked nose.

NOT O. HENRY STORY, BUT A LOVE PICTURE

Drawn by John Fix

O. Henry's Short Stories

Ikey's Love Philtre-II

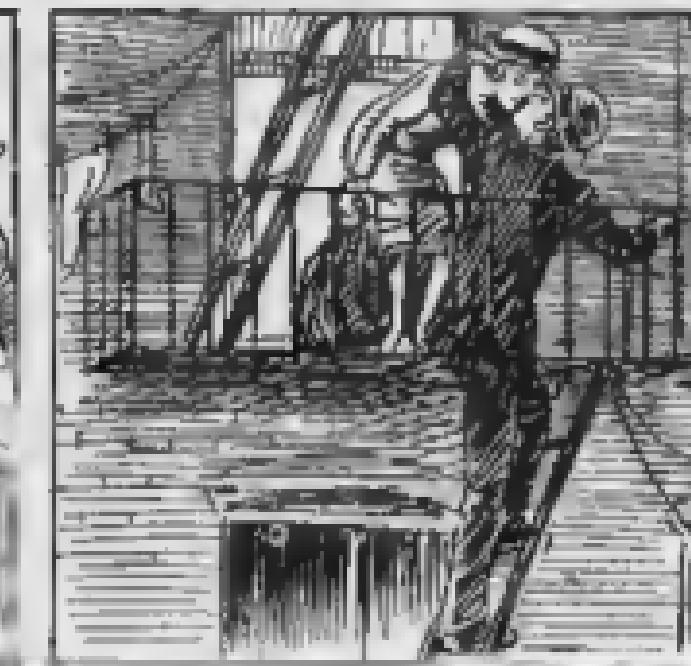
Drawn by Elliott



Chunk McGowan and Rosy Riddle plan to elope, but Chunk is afraid she may change her mind. He goes to Ikey, his druggist friend and rival for Rosy's hand, for a drug. "Which will keep her from running out on me," he says.



Ikey is heavy-hearted at the prospect of losing Rosy, but Ikey is subtle. He mixed a sleeping potion and gave it to the grateful Chunk. Chunk fled and Ikey immediately sent a message to Rosy's father to put him on guard.



At 9:30 $\frac{1}{4}$ that night Chunk climbed the Riddle fire-escape, took Rosy in his arms and was gone. A quick trip to the minister and the job was done. The two moved into Chunk's new flat that night. But where was Mr. Riddle?



The next day Chunk called on Ikey. "What did I do with the powder? Oh," he explained. "I decided the last minute to get Rosy on the square and instead of giving it to her I slipped it in old man Riddle's coffee—see?"

Next O. Henry Story: *Springtime A La Carte.*

O. Henry's Short Stories



It was a day in March, about 1910. Sarah was crying over her bill of fare. The gentleman who said the world was an oyster to be opened with a sword had never tried it with a typewriter!



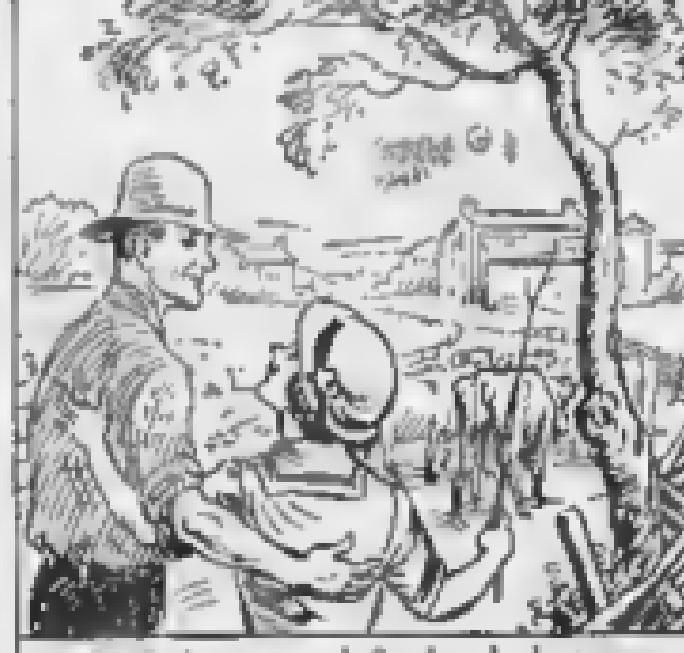
Sarah managed to pry apart the shells with her unhandy weapon far enough to nibble a wee bit at the cold world. Jobs were scarce, but Sarah had one, typing menus for the Home Restaurant for three meals a day.

Springtime a la Carte—I



One afternoon Sarah shivered in her room—"scrupulously clean; conveniences; seen to be appreciated." Sarah looked out the window. The calendar on the wall cried out to her: "It's springtime!" © McClure Newspaper Syndicate

Drawn by Elliott



But Springtime made Sarah sad. Last summer she had stayed at Sunnyside Farm, and met and loved Old Farmer Franklin's son, Walter. Farmers have been wooed and turned out to grass in less time—but not Walter!

(To Be Continued)

O. Henry's Short Stories



Sarah earned three meals a day by typing menus for Schalenberg's restaurant. But she was sad, for she could think only of last summer and the dandelion crown her summer lover had woven for her. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate



And she had not heard from him since! Now she typed out tomorrow's menu. Lima Beans, Carrots—and then Sarah cried. The next item was Dandelions—Dandelions With Hardboiled Egg—bother the egg.

Springtime à la Carte—II

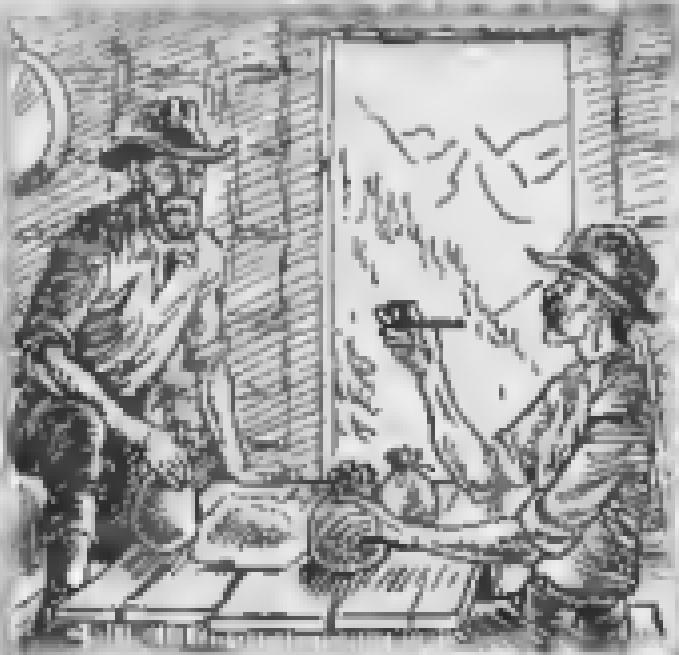


At six o'clock, after the waiter had brought her dinner and taken the menus, the door bell rang. A strong voice. Sarah jumped. She reached the stairs just as her father came up three at a jump.



"You never answered my letters," she cried.
"Never got any," he said. "How did you find me?" she asked. "In a restaurant." He showed her one of her menus. Under vegetables she had written: "Dearest Walter With Egg." Next Story: The Ransom of Mack.

Drawn by Elliott



Me and old Mack Lowbury, we got out of that little Hide-and-Seek gold mine with about \$40,000 apiece. "Andy," he says to me, "let's knock off for a while and spend some of our money."



A week afterward me and Mack hit the small town of Pine, about 30 miles out of Denver. We finds an elegant 2-room house, deposited a half a peck of money in the bank and shook hands with the 340 citizens.



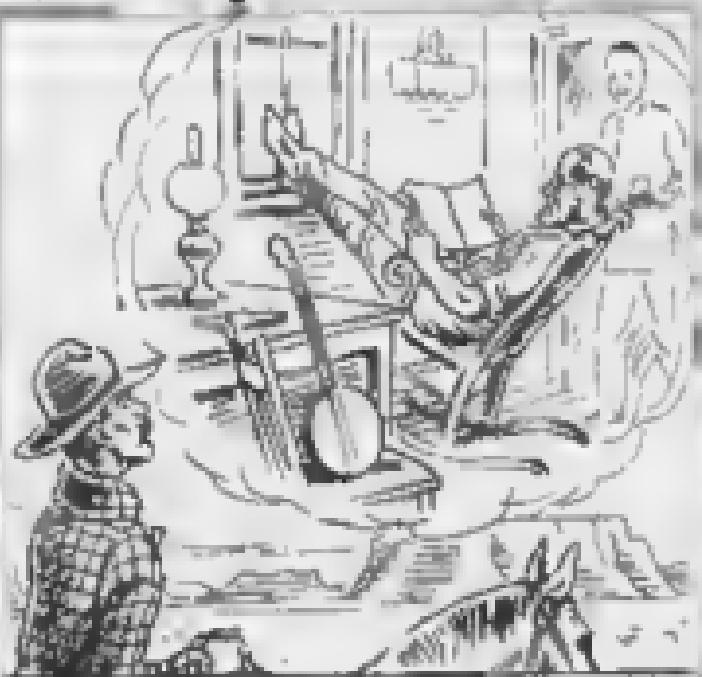
For pleasure Mack had a Chautauqua cook and Buckle's History of Civilization, which he read in his stocking feet. I had my cuckoo clock and Sep Wenn's Self-Instructor for the Banjo.

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate



We liked the place. Some people need noise and rapture and locomotion. But we liked our grub, Mack liked Buckle and I was picking out "Old Zip Coon" on the banjo. And then I had to go to New Mexico. (To Be Continued)

O. Henry's Short Stories



After two months in New Mexico I was anxious to get back to Pina and the cabin me and Mack had there, with our Chinaman cook, and banjo and stocking feet. When I struck the cabin I nearly fainted.



"Hello, Andy," says Mack, "things have happened since you went away." Things had I had on a silk hat, a white vest and shiny shoes, and he was miming like an internal storekeeper. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate

The Ransom of Mack—II



"Well, Andy," he says, "they've elected me justice of the peace." Just then a young woman passed and smiled and bowed. "No hope for you," says I, "if you've got the Mary-Jane infirmity at your age."



"I'm going to marry the young lady who just passed," says Mack. So I turned and overtook the young lady. "Listen, sissey," I begin, "that turkey gobbler with patent leather shoes is my best friend."

(To Be Continued)

Drawn by Elliott

O. Henry's Short Stories

The Ransom of Mack—III

Drawn by Elliott



Just when Mack and me is settled pretty in Pina, Colo., with \$40,000 gold mine money apiece, he ups and turns justice of the peace and says he's going to marry Miss Rebosa Reed. I'm trying to stop him.



"Ain't there a young man in Pina you might marry?" I asks her. "Sure there is," says Rebosa, "ma has to wet the front steps to keep him from sitting there all the time—but that'll be over tonight." © McClure Newspapers Syndicate



"But you're going to let decayed old Mack marry you?" says I. "Who's the young fellow?" Rebosa says: "Eddie Bayles. He clerks at the grocery." "Would you marry him if he owned a grocery?" I asks.



Rebosa looks at me a minute and says, "Of course I would." Anything to save old Mack and our cabin, thought I, so I says: "Come on, Rebosa, we'll go and see Eddie and buy him a store."

(To Be Continued)

O. Henry's Short Stories



Why let Rebom spoil Mack's and my happy old age in Pina, Colo., where we've settled down with \$40,000 apiece out of a gold mine? It's bad enough Mack is justice of the peace.



So I buys a grocery store for Eddie Bayles, young and courting, whom Rebom admits she likes better than Mack, on the promise that she would marry him at five o'clock today. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate

The Ransom of Mack-IV



That's done. I've saved old Mack. It's good I know women and their deceit. I sat on a log and think it over. Some day Mack will be glad I done it. About six that evening I go to our cabin.



Mack's in his old clothes. "Don't look like a wedding," Mack says; "It's all over. I was to marry 'em at six, but they changed it to five." So that was it! And I was a wise guy, knowing women and buying grocery stores!

Next Story: The Skylight Room.

Drawn by Elliott



One day Miss Elsie Lescos came hunting a room in Mrs. Parker's house. The landlady showed her the double parlors—and you dare not interrupt her description of their advantages and the merits of the gentleman who had occupied them for eight years.



But the double parlors cost too much and Mrs. Parker gave her the pitying, sneering icy stare that she kept for those who weren't qualified to take the double parlors. So Elsie was led to the second floor back. "Eight dollars!" exclaimed Elsie.



"Show me higher and lower," she asked. So she was taken to Mr. Shadde's hall-room on the third floor. He wrote plays and smoked cigarettes. Every room-hunter was shown his room because that frightened him into paying his rent.



Then Mrs. Parker called: "Clara!" which sounded to the world the state of Miss Lescos's purse, and Clara came to escort the girl to the attic room, with a skylight 7 x 8. "Two dollars, said the maid, Clara, and took it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



With Miss Lussen, the new tenant, occupying the skylight room (for \$2 a week) Mrs. Parker's troubles ceased. Mr. Hitchcock who wrote plays (unpublished) cast her in his mind for the star part in a private (unspoken) drama in real life.



And Mr. Hoover, forty-five, fat, flushed and foolish—there was never a chance for you, Hoover! Once he met her in the hall and asked her to marry him. He tried for her hand and she raised it and smote him weakly in the face.



One night the renters sat on the front stoop for air and Miss Lussen looked up into the firmament and cried piteously: "Why, there is Billy Jackson. I can see him every night through my skylight. I named him Billy Jackson." The renters looked skyward.



"You mean that star?" said Miss Longacker, the school teacher. "Why that's Gamma of the constellation Cassiopeia." Said Mr. Hoover: "I think Miss Lussen has as much right to name stars as any of those astrologers."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

O. Henry's Short Stories



There came a time when Miss Lessen lost her job and she went out in the morning, from office to office and let her heart melt away in the drip of cold refusals transmitted through insolent office boys. Then came an evening when—



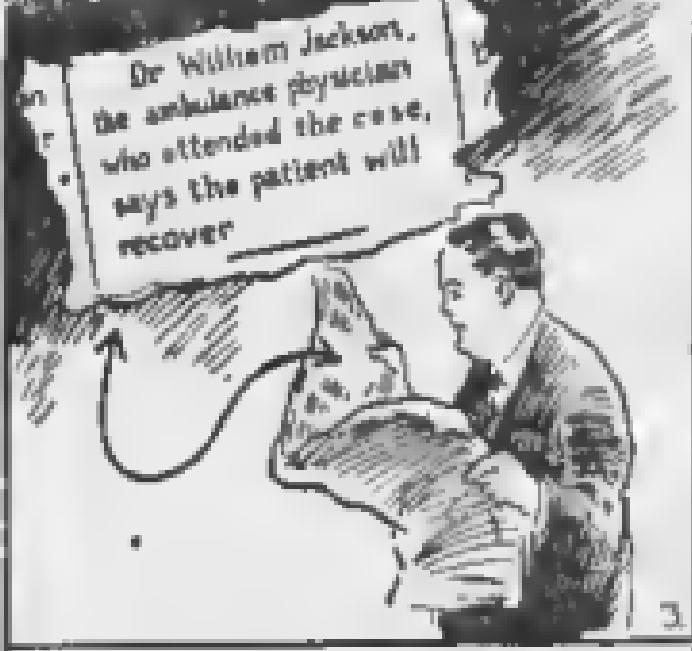
She wearily climbed Mrs. Parker's stoop after dinner time but she'd had no dinner. In her skylight room she lay on her iron cot, fragile, starved. "Good-bye, Billy Jackson," she murmured to the star through the skylight, "you're far away—

The Skylight Room—III



Next day at 10 they found her faint and had to call an ambulance. "Her name's Miss Lessen," Mrs. Parker told the doctor, and he was gone up the stairs, four at a time. When he carried her down his face was that of one who bears his own dead. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate

Drawn by John Hix



That is all. But in the next day's paper there was a news item, and the last sentence of it may help you (as it helped me) to hold the scabs together. It told of the young woman recovered from Mrs. Parker's rooming house to the hospital.

O. Henry's Short Stories



The Rubberneck auto was ready to start. The megaphone man raised his instrument of torture. On the highest rear seat was James Williams, of Missouri, and his Bride. Now to see New York.



Observe Mrs. James Williams, once the belle of Cleverdale, Missouri. Willingly had the most rosebud loaned to her cheeks of its pink—and as for violet, her eyes will do very well, thank you. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate

Sisters of the Golden Circle—I



Dear kind fairy, turn backward and give us just a teeny-weeny bit of our wedding trip, just an hour, so we can remember how the grass and poplar trees looked, the scent of the flowers—oh, well.

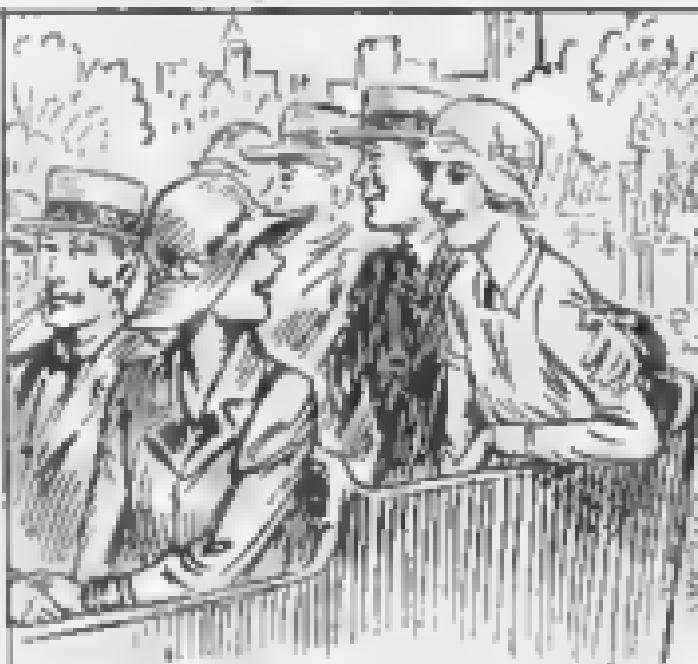


Just in front of Mrs. James Williams sat a girl in a loose tan jacket, and a floppy straw hat. At her right sat a young man, strong and good-natured, but a bit hard-looking.

(To Be Continued)

Drawn by Elliott

O. Henry's Short Stories



The girl in the tan jacket turned and met the eyes of Mrs. James Williams, bride from Missouri. Between two ticks of a watch they exchanged their life's hopes and fancies. The bride leaned forward.



She and the girl spoke rapidly together. Two smiles and a dozen nods closed the conference. By rice and satin does mere man become aware of weddings. But bride knoweth bride at the glance of an eye.

Sisters of the Golden Circle—II



And now a man in dark clothes stands in front of the Rubberneck with uplifted hand. The girl in front whispered in her companion's ear. He acted quickly and slid out of the car.



The girl in the jacket looked into the eyes of Mrs. Williams. In the meantime the plain-clothesman came along the side of the car. He looked up at Williams and ordered: "Come on down!"

(To Be Continued)

Drawn by Elliott

O. Henry's Short Stories



James Williams was a level-head, and he took his time in getting off the Rubberneck, at the command of a detective. But he was thinking fast—and why didn't his bride say something?



It took a dozen cops to get him to the station, where he easily proved he wasn't "Pinky" McGuire, burglar. But he was more interested to know why his bride had been so calm.

Sisters of the Golden Circle—III



"Dear," she told him, "it was no hour's pain to you, but I did it for the girl who sat in front of us. I was so happy, Jim, so happy that I couldn't refuse that happiness to another."



"They were just married, like us, and when the cops came he jumped out, and I wanted him to get away for her sake. So when they cut took you for him I didn't say anything. I had to do it." *Next Story: Service of Love.*

Drawn by Elliott

O. Henry's Short Stories



When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. Joe Larabee came out of the Middle West pulsing with a genius for pictorial art. At six he'd drawn a picture of the town pump. At 20 he's in New York.



Delia Caruthers did things in six octaves so promiscuously that her relatives chipped in and sent her "orbits" from the pine-tree village. So Delia finds herself in New York to "finish."

Service of Love—I



Joe and Delia met at a studio party where talk was of Chopin, Wagner, Rembrandt, Waldteufel, Freud, wall paper, modern furniture and Paris, and became enamored one of the other. © 1924, Newspaper Syndicate



In a short time they were married (for, when one loves one's Art no service seems too hard) Mr. and Mrs. Larabee began housekeeping in a flat—a lonecome flat but they were happy
(To Be Continued)

Drawn by Elliott



Joe Larrabee was painting in the class of the great Magister, and Delia, his bride, was studying singing under the great Rosenstock, and so between the two all was well until their money gave out.



But their aims were very clear. Joe was to become capable very soon of turning out pictures that old gentlemen with thin whiskers and thick pocketbooks would buy at super-royal prices. © 1924 Newspaper Syndicate



And Delia was to become familiar and then contemptuous with Music, so that when she saw the orchestra seats and boxes would she have more throat and luster in her room and refuse to go to the stage.



But their money was gone and after a while Art flagged. So Delia sent the music lesson to keep the chafing dish burning and to pay for Joe's studying.

(To Be Continued)

O. Henry's Short Stories

Service of Love—III

Drawn by Elliott



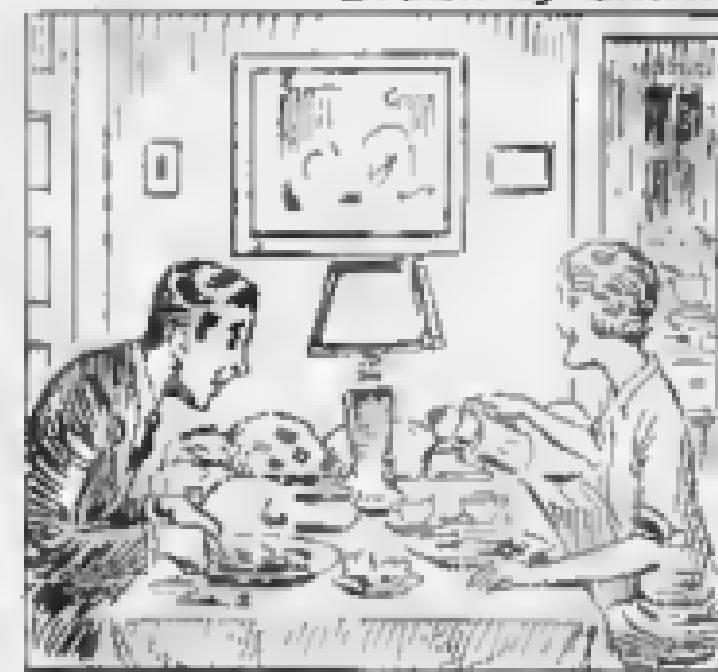
Dela came home elated one evening. "I've got a pupil," she told Joe, her artist husband. "Oh, the loveliest people, splendid house, and she's a lovely gal, only 18—and I'm to get \$15 for three lessons."



"But do you think I'm going to philander in the regions of high art while you hustle wages?" Joe said. Dela came and hung on his neck. "Don't be silly, dear," she said. "It's for your Art." © McClure Newspaper Syndicate



"Well, so it was and Joe let it go at that. Fifteen a week is enough to get by on," said Dela, and Saturday night, a bit late, she produced the money. "Sometimes the gal tires me," she sighed.



And then Joe, with the air of a Monte Cristo, drew forth \$18. "Sold a water color to a man from Peoria," he said. So they had filet mignon with champagne to celebrate their sudden wealth.

(To Be Continued)

O. Henry's Short Stories



Joe and Delia, students of painting and singing, respectively, are newlyweds in a cheap New York flat. Being broke, Delia gets \$15 a week for teaching music to a girl three times a week.

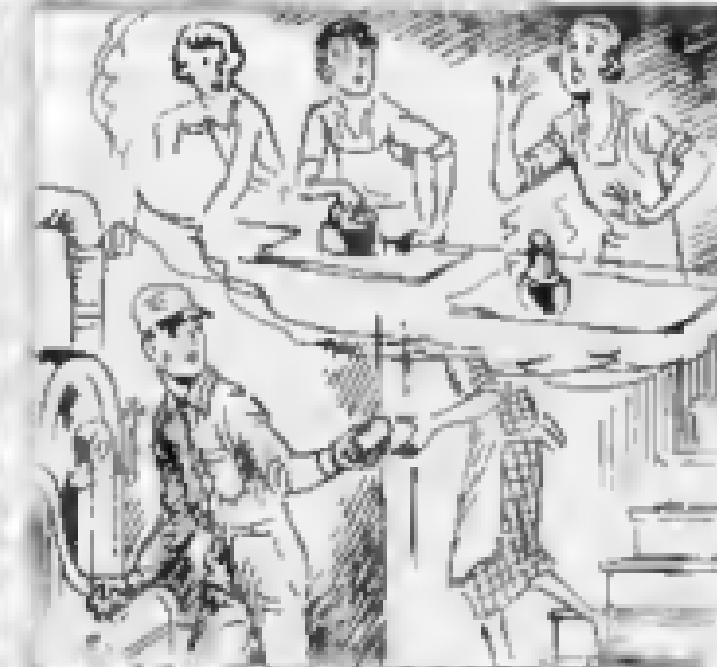


And Joe reports selling some of his water colors—about one a week for \$18 each. But both come home late each evening, tired. One night Delia comes home with a bad burn on her right hand. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate

Service of Love—IV



"Clementina," she says, "inherited on a Welsh rabbit after our lesson today—and spilled it on my hand." But Joe looked suspiciously at her bandage. "What's this?" he asked.



And then she rose—and what a surprise could she do? Joe recognized that bandage. He'd been working in the engine room of a laundry for his \$18, and he'd sent that bandage up to an ironer who'd burned her hand.

Next Story: *Lost On Dress Parade*

Drawn by Elliott

O. Henry's Short Stories



Mr. Towers Chandler was pressing his evening suit. Chandler's honorarium was \$22 a week for clerking. Of each week's earnings he saved \$1. At the end of 10 weeks he purchased a gentleman's evening from stiepy Old Father Time.



Up Broadway moved Chandler. He paused when a girl scuttled lightly across a corner, slipped and fell upon the sidewalk. Chandler assisted her to her feet. "I think my ankle is twisted," she said. "I'll call a cab," said he.

Lost on Dress Parade



On Chandler's invitation the girl shyly accepted an invitation to dinner at a very respectable restaurant. He prated of tennis and golf. "But don't you work?" asked the girl. "Work! What do-enthegs are the hardest workers?"

(C) McClure Newspaper Syndicate

Drawn by Elliott

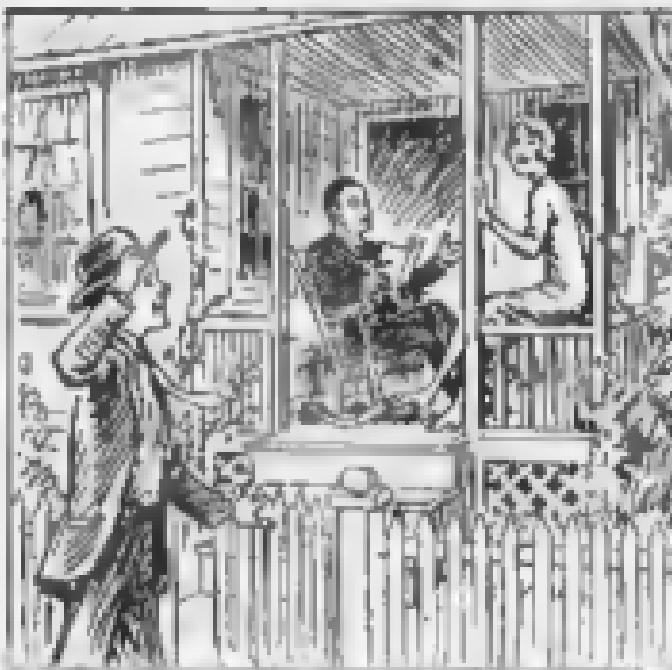


So Chandler returned to his hall room feeling quite grand, and the girl sped up-town to a sedate mansion, where she told her sister of her lark in the maid's clothes. "He thought I was a shop girl," she laughed. Next Story: Buried Treasure

O. Henry's Short Stories



May Martha Magnum resided in a Texas prairie town with a father hidden behind whiskers and spectacles, who lived for bugs and butterflies and all insects that crawl or get down your back or 'in the butter'. He was an entomologist.

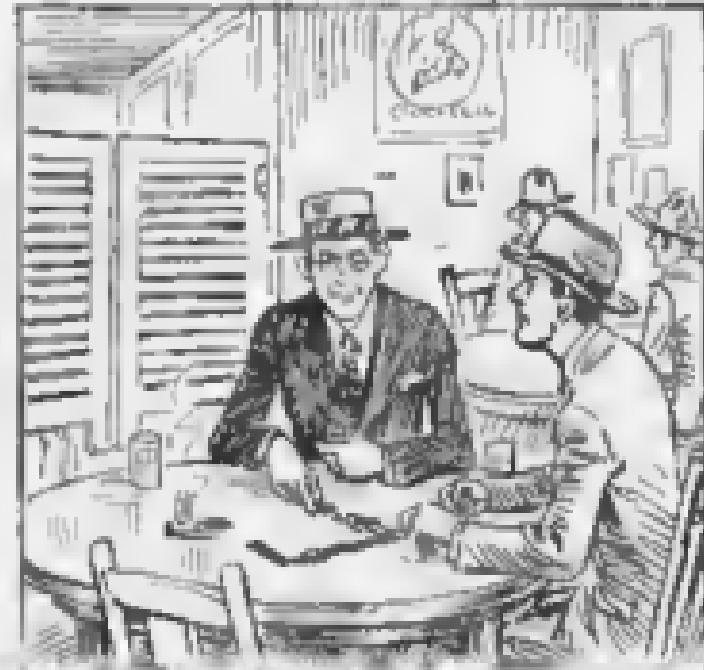


When first I saw her I wanted her to come with me, to put my slippers and pipe away every day in places where they cannot be found of evenings. There was another who wanted May Martha, and that was Goodloe Banks, just home from college.

Buried Treasure—I



Goodloe ran to books, manners, culture and clothes. I was the other kind. When old man Magnum found out that we were after May Martha, he sent us away. We stayed away for five days. When we dared to return, May Martha and her father were



Goodloe and I became better friends and worse enemies than ever. We lorgathered in the back room of Sayde's saloon every afternoon and played dominoes and laid traps to find out from each other if anything had been discovered. (To Be Continued)

Drawn by Elliott

O. Henry's Short Stories

Buried Treasure--II

Drawn by Elliott



Goodloe Banks and I were both in love with May Martha Magnum, whose father had spirited her away from us. Lee Rundie, a young farmer, brought me a folded paper that told of buried Spanish treasure in the hills. With money I might find May.



It was dated 1663 and had been left by his late grandfather. I got a working sketch of surveys of land near the point we wanted to reach, and drew lines that I thought showed the location of the treasure. There Lee and I are!



We established camp and looked for a hill shaped like a pack saddle, which was our chief landmark. We explored for four days and found nothing. Then we hitched up the team and the dug and drove home. I found Goodloe waiting in Snyder's.



He looked at my draughtsman's sketch. "Jim," he said, with a superior smile, "you are a fool. When you drew these lines to find the location of the treasure, you didn't allow for variation of the magnetic compass from the true meridian.

(To Be Continued)

O. Henry's Short Stories

Buried Treasure—III

Drawn by Elliott



Goodloe Banks and I, rivals in love, became complices in adventure when he found a flaw in my reckoning of the spot where the buried treasure lay and offered to go with me to the right place. We got there at night and I made camp.



Next morning, while I broiled the bacon, Goodloe cheered me by reciting Keats and Kelly—or Shelley. Then he looked at the blue paper legacy that showed the location of the treasure, called me, and held it up to the light.



"I've often told you you were a fool," he said. "You've made two mistakes—first about the location, and now this. This document is dated 1863, the paper it is written on is watermarked 1927. You've been imposed on by a crochopper."



"Away with your watermarks," said I, pointing to a mountain shaped like a pack saddle. "I'm going to search that mountain for the treasure." "All right," said Goodloe, snarly. "I'm done." And he flagged the mail wagon and went home. (To Be Continued)



After Goodloe Banks, my scholarly rival for the love of the vanished May Martha Magnum, had left me to seek the buried Spanish treasure alone, I investigated the hill shaped like a pack saddle. There was no sign of what I sought.



In the cool of the afternoon I came down the hill into a beautiful green valley. There I was startled to see what I took to be a wild man, with unkempt beard and ragged hair, pursuing a giant butterfly with brilliant wings.



I took a few more steps and saw a vine-covered cottage, and in a little grassy glade, May Martha Magnum plucking wild flowers. "I knew you would come, Jim," she said. "Father wouldn't let me write, but I knew you would come."



"What followed you may guess. And I've often wondered of what use good education is to a man if he can't use it for himself. For May Martha Magnum abides with me, not with Goodloe Banks.

Next: *Makes the Whole World Kin*

O. Henry's Short Stories

Makes the Whole World Kin—I

Drawn by Elliott



The burglar lighted a cigarette. He wore no mask, dark lanterns or gum shoes. He carried a .38-calibre revolver in his pocket, and he chewed gum thoughtfully. Softly he opened the door of the lighted room.



A man lay in the bed asleep. On the dresser lay many things in confusion—a crumpled roll of bills, three poker chips, crushed cigar. The burglar stepped toward it. The man in the bed suddenly groaned.

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate



He opened his eyes. "Lay still," said the burglar. "Hold up both your hands." The citizen raised his right hand. "Up with the other one," ordered the burglar. "Can't," said the citizen, his lineaments contorted.



"What's the matter?" said the burglar. "Rheumatism in the shoulder," said the citizen. Then the burglar made a grimace. "Don't stand there making faces," said the citizen. "If you've come to bungle, why don't you do it?"

(To Be Continued)

O. Henry's Short Stories

Makes the Whole World Kin—II

Drawn by Elliott



"Get on with your burgling," snapped the man in the bed. "Don't stand there making faces!" "Scuse me," said the burglar, "but it just socked me one, too. It's good for you me and rheumatism are old friends."



"Anybody but me would have popped you when you wouldn't hoist that left claw." "Ever try rattlesnake oil?" asked the citizen, interested. "Gallons," said the burglar. "Does yours come in paroxysms?" asks the citizen.



"It jumps," said the burglar. "It's undiluted hades." "You're dead right," said the citizen. "Only one thing that eases her up," said the burglar—"that's booze. Let's go out and have some." "I can't dress myself," said the citizen.



"I'll help you," said the burglar. "Here's your shirt." As they were going out the citizen started back. "Forgot my money," he said. "Come on," said the burglar. "I've got the price. Ever try oil of winter green?"